

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. I.

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REVIEW.

Remarks during a journey through North America, in the years 1819, 20 and 21.
By ADAM HODGSON, Esq. of Liverpool.

THE above was first published in Great Britain, and re-published at New York, in a periodical work. Its appearance in this country as a separate book, is probably owing to the circumstance of its exhibiting something very extraordinary in an Englishman's account of his travels; viz: some regard to truth:—this circumstance will undoubtedly induce the Quarterly Reviewers, stoutly to deny the fact of the author's being an Englishman. There is however no doubt that he is one, notwithstanding his candour and his belief of the evidence of his own senses, in preference to preconceived prejudices—and notwithstanding that he does not talk of eating and drinking as the only business of life, worthy of serious attention. That he should dare to tell the truth respecting the U. States, while a subject of, and resident in England, is accounted for by the fact of his being rich; for what may not a rich man do in England?

We believe that this is the first book of travels in the United States, that has been published by a man of plain, good, common sense, and common honesty, who was content to represent things as they actually appeared to him—by a man of real piety and truth. He is indeed sometimes mistaken, as a foreigner in any country must necessarily be at times; but his intentions are always good—and he is generally free from the restraints of English prejudice—and sometimes from those of English grammar; but this last can be easily forgiven, since he does not, like many of his countrymen, attempt to be witty upon us for defects of this kind at the same time that they themselves exhibit much greater than those they affect to ridicule.

It is remarkable to observe how often we have been put out of temper by the accounts given of us by travellers; we seem to expect the truth from them as soberly and coolly, as did a certain lady from the Arabian Nights, who was much displeased with the book, because she could not believe it to be true.

The characteristics of faithfulness, ac-

racy and truth, the English do not claim for their travellers, when treating of countries near home, or those with which they have much connexion or intercourse. But they claim the merit of surprising fidelity and accuracy in cases where they are not likely to be detected,—in describing countries not worth giving an account of—with which they have not and are not likely to have any connexion.

We do not know how to make proper allowances for the misrepresentations of English travellers; we do not know how important a dinner is to them, and how necessary it is, when they are obliged to put up with a bad one, to have something to enable them to digest it—such as some object to vent their spleen upon. At home they have no difficulty on this subject—every thing can be bought—servants and landlords will submit to any indignity in consideration of the privilege of “putting it in the bill.” But in this country the lowest menial resents abuse and ill treatment, and my Lord Cockney is as liable to be corrected and chastised for his insolence to a servant, as his own servants would be for insolence to their master when at home.

“There is,” says a late English writer, “something in the substantial nature of eating that has always harmonized in the most perfect manner with the character of English Genius. Our literature is that of an eminently dining nation—it is such as be- seems a people accustomed in all its transactions to consider a sirloin as the *sine qua non*—whose hypocrites cannot harangue, whose dupes cannot subscribe, whose ministers do not consult, and whose assassins scarcely dream of stabbing—elsewhere than at dinner. The ruling passion is strong even in our superstitions.—A seductive steam rises from the cauldron of a British Witch—and the ghosts of other people are contented with ruined houses, church-yards, and solitary midnight—but with us they are not scared by bells or chandeliers; they beard laughter and lackeys, and ‘push’ supping usurpers “from their stools.” Now when men who are so given up, heart and soul, to the pleasures of the table are in this country, and obliged to live upon plain and wholesome food, such as they are unaccustomed to, it will for a time affect their stomachs unfavorably, and consequently their

writings,—(their literature and their eating being closely connected as is observed above,) every idea they then possess, is so combined with the thoughts of their dinners, that if those be disliked, every thing else that they think of, is thought of with a feeling of dislike and disgust, which naturally exhibits itself in all their accounts of the country they are in and every thing pertaining to it. This is rather their misfortune than their fault, and we err much in suffering those things to excite our anger that ought rather to excite our pity.

Now if we could teach them that there are other things in this world that are really of more importance, than the luxuries of the table;—that these are the blessings of a good government,—the protection of all men in the enjoyment of equal rights, civil and religious,—the general diffusion of knowledge, and the facility of acquiring all the necessities and comforts of life by industry and attention;—if we could teach them these doctrines; we should in compliance with the dictates of our religion return them good for evil. And as the English are at bottom a really good and estimable race of people, (their faults arising chiefly from the corruptions that have crept into their institutions,) it is well worth our while to endeavor to enlighten them a little. And if our missionary societies would turn their attention to this too long neglected country, they would find a wide field for usefulness, which if properly improved, would be of immense advantage to mankind. The influence of the British nation being very extensive, it is of the utmost possible consequence to instruct them to use that influence properly: but it requires nearly as high qualifications in the teachers to be sent them as in those for our Indians.

This nation has been exceedingly injured by flattery; they are not content with flattering themselves, but have long been in the habit of hiring German and other mercenaries to flatter them—indeed flattery has always been a good article of export to England from all the neighboring countries. For this reason it would require men of exceedingly mild, placid tempers and great discretion, to counteract the evil influence of this pernicious indulgence. If their good qualities can be cleared from the rubbish of prejudices and pride; and some correct

ideas instilled in place of them, they may undoubtedly be raised to such a standard that we need not fear any reproach from deriving our descent from common ancestors with them.

One of the first lessons to be taught them, should be that of charity—not alms-giving, for they are liberal of their money—but charitable feelings towards their neighbours. They should next be taught to form a proper estimate of themselves. They consider it a mark of extreme blindness and weakness in some of their neighbours, to worship Saints, while they see nothing but what is proper in themselves, in worshipping the vilest sinners—for instance, in paying almost divine honours to such a man as Nelson, stained with every crime which he ever had any temptation to commit. Even good honest men, possessed of common sense in other matters, seem to be in admiration of their own candour in admitting that he had in the course of his life, been guilty of some little weaknesses.

They consider it excessively ridiculous in us to value ourselves more upon what we expect from the future destinies of our country, than upon the crimes and follies of a remote ancestry, but if they could be taught that the reformation of errors, even tho' the errors of our forefathers, is really more glorious, than all the cut-throat deeds which history records of barbarian ancestors; and that the feeling which arises from a consciousness of a progressive improvement, in all things which add to the comforts of life—and in national prosperity and happiness,—is much more comfortable than the pride that is nourished, by the monuments of past ages;—they might not find it so very ridiculous in us to value ourselves (as we all value ourselves upon something) upon those things which will be productive of good, rather than on those which have been productive of evil to mankind. There are many other important doctrines necessary to advance them to the high rank which they are capable of attaining, which perhaps may be suggested hereafter. At present, we must omit them and take leave of this truly worthy and respectable Englishman, with a quotation of the remarks on leaving our country, which terminate his book.

"I feel a strong emotion on bidding adieu to these Western shores; to a country where I have passed many happy hours: where I have found much to stimulate and gratify curiosity; and where I have experienced a degree of attention which I never can forget. In the interest which I must ever feel in the destinies of this favoured land, in her European, her African and in her Aboriginal population, I seem as if I were endowed with a new sense. I see in the Americans a nation who are to show to generations yet unborn, what British energy can accom-

plish, when unfettered by the artificial arrangements of less enlightened times, and the clumsy machinery of the old complicated system of commercial policy: when combining with the elastic vigour of renovated youth, the experience of a long spirited career of prosperity and glory; and when bringing to the boundless regions of a new world, fair and fresh from the hand of it's creator, the intellectual treasures which have been accumulating for centuries in the old. It is in this light that I wish to regard America as a scion from the old British oak—not as a rival, whose growing greatness is to excite jealousy and apprehension, but as the vigorous child of an illustrious parent whose future glory may reflect lustre on the distinguished family from which she sprang, and who should be solicitous to prove herself worthy of her high descent. May her future career evince both her title and sensibility to her hereditary honours! May the child forget the supposed severity of the parent, and the parent the alleged obstinacy of the child; and while as two independent nations, they emulate each other in glorious deeds, may they combine their commanding influence, to promote the lasting happiness of the human race."

Z.

QUENTIN DURWARD.

ALTHOUGH, every person who undertakes to write a novel, is at liberty to deal in fiction as much as he pleases, and to dress out his tale in the most fanciful colors; yet when he introduces a character taken from history, it is then incumbent on him to adhere to the truth. In all fictitious characters, fabricated from his own imagination; the creatures of his own fancy, full licence is given. Over them he has supreme jurisdiction; is the sole proprietor, and can make of them what he pleases. Ghosts, or goblins d—d, imps of hell or angels of heaven. But the moment a character is taken from real life, drawn by history; respect to the public, requires a regard to truth and a strict observance in giving the true character. This sentiment is prettily expressed by St. Evremont in his correspondence with Corneille, where he observes, it would be ridiculous to describe Alexander or Porus, as we would a fop of the present day, arrayed in all the ornament of the modern costume. Besides, a great many persons read novels, who do not read history, and if a false coloring is given to men who have acted a conspicuous part, in the theatre of the world: wrong impressions are made upon the mind, which afterwards are not easily effaced. There is some little apology in the novelist exaggerating the vices of a character that has actually existed, because his object is to show the depravity of human nature, the rapid progress to vice, and the miserable

termination of a debauched and depraved life. But to gloss over the vices which are known to have reigned in the bosom of the person introduced, is contrary to the spirit of novels and subversive of any public benefit which might result from their perusal. With due respect to the author of the *Waverley* novels, and with great deference to the opinion of the public; I shall take the liberty of applying these observations to these novels, or to one particularly, and see how they, or it, will stand affected by them. For instance, in the one entitled "*Quentin Durward*," Louis 11th who reigned in the 14 century, and among the most conspicuous personages of that period, is introduced under his proper name, and not as a fictitious character, but in such a way, as to leave the reader under the impression of his being only an artful intriguing prince; and without that abhorrence and disgust, which would result from a knowledge of his real character. For there is no mention of those acts of cruelty which disgraced the reign of that monarch: the author contenting himself with informing the reader that he was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare, when he could with safety condemn; so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. The author also speaks of him as a rebellious and ungrateful son, on which account he was banished to Dauphine, which he governed with much sagacity; introducing the word sagacity as a kind of salvo for the general terms, rebellious and ungrateful. Speaking of his base treachery and ingratitude to the duke of Burgundy, he merely says "he enjoyed his hospitality, but *indifferently requited it*."

Let us now see how this tallies with the character of Louis as given by history.

Louis 11th poisoned by means of his confessors, his brother the Duke of Berri, and the lady Montsorase, by means of a poisoned fish. In his reign there were no less than 4000 victims given to public execution, and the only monuments of his greatness, which he has left behind him are iron cages, looked upon by posterity with horror.

Louis 11th caused the Duke of Nemours to be seized, and confined in an iron cage, put him to the torture and ordered him to be executed; and at the time of his execution, caused the young children of the Duke to be placed under the scaffold, erected for their fathers execution, that they might receive his blood upon them, with which they went away all covered; and in this condition were conducted to the Bastille in wooden cages, and confined in them, these wretched victims of a tyrants vengeance. Yet it seems, from the author of *Durward*, "no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him."

Under the reign of this prince, honor and integrity were not known, justice had fled the country, and the very Judges divided among themselves the possessions of their miserable victims. Still we find no mention made of these things, when it seems to me, no subject could be better calculated, to enlist the feelings of the reader and to strike every fibre of the heart, with astonishment and detestation at the depravity of man.—What a melancholy and affecting tale could have been introduced, respecting the confinement and sufferings of those fatherless children. Instead of this, our ears are only amused, our feelings slightly interested in listening to the tales of love, together with the adventures of a Scotch vagrant and a French Countess. The first introduction that we have to the heroine of the story, is in a common tavern, free of access to the most debauched of princes. This cruel and detested tyrant, when sensible of the approaches of death, adored as a saint a common hermit & entreated him to intercede with God to prolong his life; at the same time that he was petitioning for that existence 'which brought death into the world,' he thought to recruit his failing strength by drinking the blood of young children, the victims of his cruelty, fondly imagining the innocence of their blood would be the means of correcting the acrimony of his own. B.

MUSICK.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the *Handel Society*,
By the Rev. DAVID ROOT.

Published by request of the Society.

(Concluded from page 27.)

During those dark ages which followed the irruption of the savage hordes into the Western Empire, and the consequent general prostration of literature and the arts, it was in the church that music found an asylum "a covert from the tempest." It was there that some knowledge of ancient music was preserved, some of its original characteristics retained; and there new inventions originated, which after manifold modifications eventually laid the foundation for the modern system of harmony. It is through this channel, that the art has been transmitted to the present period and in its progress assumed various attitudes and experienced various improvements.

In modern times, it has been cultivated and has acquired an high degree of perfection in many countries, particularly in Germany. Germany has produced many eminent professors of Sacred Music; professors whose genius and acquirements would do honor to any country, whose talents and abilities have been the delight & admiration of all competent judges of composition and performance. It was that country that gave birth to the immortal Handel, to whom the world and

church are so much indebted for the best pieces of Sacred Music that have ever been produced. To him more, perhaps, than to any other one man, is this excellent art indebted for its present improved and refined character. And though, according to the ordinary course of human improvements we may expect that music will proceed among the fine arts to still greater degrees of perfection, the name of Handel we venture to predict, will not soon be regarded by the lovers of Sacred Harmony or by true judges of refined and exalted measures, without emotions of grateful admiration.

We regret that we have it not in our power to say more for our own country, particularly for the western country, in reference to the cultivation of Sacred Music. In this particular, the people of the west, are far behind the inhabitants of the Atlantic states, Sacred Music here receives not half the attention and encouragement it does in the Northern and Eastern states; and the consequences are obvious. Our church music, with few exceptions is exceedingly offensive to the cultivated taste; and often more resembles the confusion of Babel, than the harmony of well attuned voices.

But has not the time already come, when it should receive the patronage of an enlightened public? Is it not time that every denomination of Christians should give to this important art, this hand-maid to religion, their cordial countenance and support? Is it not time that the charms of Sacred Music should be allowed to exert their reforming and refining influence upon the mind and morals of our inhabitants?

But it is not to be expected that music will produce its appropriate and happy effects, that it will be able to assert and vindicate successfully, its rightful prerogatives while it is regarded by most of our congregations with so little interest. It must be carefully cultivated as an art—its first principles be well understood and attentively applied before we can succeed, or church music become pleasing to the ear, or salutary to the heart.

But upon this point, I need not enlarge. Every one may know how necessary is an acquaintance with the art, to a right and successful performance. To sing with ease and with acceptance some knowledge of the rules of music is indispensable.

We are aware that persons may sometimes sing and perform tolerably well without any knowledge of the rules; but such cases should not be pleaded as precedents to sanction a general negligence and inattention to the rudiments of the art. Such persons are constantly liable to produce discord and confusion, and consequently to prevent every good effect.

We are aware also, that there are those who do not distinguish between chord and discord, between harmony and tumult, upon whose ears harsh and discordant notes never grate—whose taste is never offended, in short to whom all sounds are nearly alike, but to the cultivated refined ear, few salutations

are more insupportable, than the jarring note of discordant voices.

In the next place:—Is there an intimate relation between sounds and feelings, a lively sympathy existing between the intonations of the voice and the moral vibrations of the heart; is it true that music, and especially vocal music is calculated powerfully to call up, direct and control the feelings and sympathies, the affections and passions of the soul: how important upon all occasions is the appropriate selection of tunes? How important that tunes well adapted to the worship of God should be selected for the sanctuary; that our Psalmody be calculated to produce in our hearts devotional feelings, feelings of humble grateful joy, feelings of praise to God. Light and flighty airs should be avoided in the service of the sanctuary. The music there should be simple, slow, grave, chaste, calculated to excite no feelings but those of love to God, to encourage no purpose but that of obedience to the will of heaven, and to inspire no hope but that of immortality.

Take another consideration, a consideration whose application to the encouragement of vocal music every one may apprehend.

The influence of appropriate music upon the general tone of moral feeling is great and happy. Save the actual power of the spirit of God upon their hearts, we know of nothing calculated more effectually to soften down the rough and turbulent feelings of men, to harmonize their discordant passions, and to cherish amiableness of temper and brotherly affection in society, than the cultivation of Sacred Vocal Music. It is a position which generally holds true, that in those societies and neighborhoods where vocal music is cultivated to any considerable extent, a brotherly good-will, and an harmony of sentiment almost uniformly exist, & in their fairest forms. For it is the prerogative of melody to neutralize that savageness of temper, and to modify that rudeness of manners, which too often prevail where the fine arts are neglected.

In short, Sacred Music is calculated to promote devotional feelings; feelings soothing to the soul, and pleasing to God. What an important part of divine service does the singing of praise to God, constitute? What a pleasing, useful part of worship? How calculated to withdraw the affections from earth & sense, and to fix them upon heavenly objects and to beget in the soul, the temper and feelings most assimilated to the temper and feelings of angels and justified spirits above. When do we feel most devotional? Why, when we sing praises to God. And when do we feel most disposed to sing praises to God? When we feel most devotional. So that the exercise and the feelings are reciprocal.

To conclude; if the view which we have now taken of this subject, be correct, its importance must be obvious to every reflecting mind. Every reflecting mind must perceive the high claims which it holds upon the exertions of every individual member of society.

ty. It calls for encouragement and patronage, with an emphasis that ought to be regarded by every christian, and by every citizen also; for let it be remembered that this is a subject which concerns the well-being of civil society, as well as the prosperity of religion, and consequently is a subject in which the citizen as well as the christian ought to feel a deep and lively interest. If, as we have attempted to shew, harmony of feeling, refinement of manners, and the advancement of true devotion are to be numbered among the happy fruits of Sacred Music, who can innocently feel indifferent to the promotion of its interests? Let no christian let no good citizen view the cultivation of Sacred Vocal Music, as a matter of small moment; but as he values the moral character of society, or regards the interest of Zion, let him encourage it—let him give it his decided countenance and support.

May God help us so to sing his praise on earth, with the spirit and the understanding, that we may eventually be prepared to sing that "new song, saying, thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation." "And they sing as it were, a new song before the throne and before the four beasts and elders, and no man could learn that song, but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

ESSAYS.

THE PLAGIARIST. No. 1.

The compounder of these papers intends to give a series of Essays—on all subjects that may prove interesting to man, either to humour his selfishness or gratify his vanity.—He has scarcely a doubt that he will always be able to steal something to the purpose, as he is possessed of several rare books of very general scope, which few people save himself have seen or read. He is apt to suspect that he will make exhibition of most various knowledge, though he designs seldom to be profound, lest he should be charged with an endeavor to perplex his readers—or, what with him is a more important reason, lest he should in the end charge himself with having unwisely laboured for a regardless generation.

The plagiarist is aware that his profession is most unpopular, and he fears that his readers may entertain some early conceived objections to the trade which he so honestly avows. He will in due time show this to be prejudice; and for the present will entertain them with a little prosing on *PREJUDICE*, whose thousand forms *Voltaire* calls the Gods of the vulgar, and which some one else, whose name readily occurs to you gentle reader,—declares to be the tyrant, as *opinion* is the queen of the world. There is propriety in this appellation; for prejudice is a most legitimate oppressor and determin-

ed enemy of mankind; and, like the members of the Holy Alliance—tyrants of less questionable shape—endeavours to keep the world in ignorance and error. The analogy bears further, and like Dr. Young, we will chase the metaphor down. Those holy champions of legitimacy, and vigilant watchers of governmental weal, have at their nod, power to crush every political reformer. Prejudice, in like manner, rules millions who are ready of themselves and zealous to pursue, all who have the hardihood to assert the empire of truths unknown before, and who endeavour to draw them from the obscurity in which his influence had constrained them to dwell.

There is something exceedingly curious in the constitution and operation of prejudice. It has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live: So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be dark or light; lonely or inanimate; still, prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live like the spider where there seems nothing to live on. If one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate or her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterized by the animal world,—prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.

There is a high degree of difficulty in questioning opinions established by time, by habit and by education; every religious and political innovation is opposed by the timidity of some, the obstinacy and pride of others, and the ignorance of the bulk of mankind, who are incapable of attention to reasoning and argument. All errors, even those of ignorance and superstition, are hard to remove when they have taken long hold of the minds of men. But there are some from which men are unwilling to depart, and of which they grow fond by degrees. As men advance in knowledge, their self-conceit and curiosity are apt to increase; and these are sure to be flattered by every opinion that gives man high notions of his own importance. What contradictions and inconsistencies are not huddled together in the human mind? Superstition is produced by a sense of our weakness, philosophical presumption by an opinion of our strength; and superstition and presumption contribute alike to continue—to confirm—and to propagate error.

All men are apt to have a high conceit of their own understandings, and to be tenacious of the opinions they profess: and yet almost all men are guided by the understandings of others, not their own; and may be said more truly to adopt than beget their opinions. Nurses, parents, pedagogues, and after them all, and above them all, that universal pedagogue Custom, fill the mind with notions which it has no share in framing; which it receives as passively as it receives the impressions of outward objects; and which left to itself, it would never have formed, perhaps, or would have examined afterwards. Thus prejudices are established by education, and habits by custom.

We are taught to think what others think, not how to think for ourselves: and whilst the memory is loaded, the understanding remains unexercised, or exercised in such trammels as constrain its motion, and direct its pace, till that which was artificial, becomes in some sort natural, and the mind can go no other. It may sound oddly, but it is true in many cases, to say that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. It is indeed shorter to proceed from ignorance to knowledge, than from error. They who are in the last, must unlearn, before they can learn to any good purpose: and the first part of this double task, is not, in many respects the least difficult; for which reason it is seldom undertaken. The vulgar, under which denomination, we must rank, on this occasion, almost all the sons of Adam, content themselves to be guided by vulgar opinions. They know little and believe much. They examine and judge for themselves in the common affairs of life sometimes: and not always even in these. But the greatest and noblest objects of the human mind are very transiently, at least, the object of theirs.—On all these they resign themselves to the authority that prevails among the men with whom they live. Some of them want the means, all of them want the will to do more. Authority comes soon to stand in the place of reason; and men come to defend what they never examined, and to explain what they never understood. Their system, or their institution to which they were determined by chance, not by choice, is to them that rock of truth on which alone they can be saved from error, and they cling to it unhesitatingly. Against such hasty, and as they must often be, erroneous decisions, the honest and independent mind will ever carefully guard; and not trust to the faith of public opinion. He that would be truly wise, must consult the voice of exact reason, and the examples and experience of former times: these, with the unfailing counsels which flow from a source where there is no error, will rarely fail to assure him of the true laws of human action in all its relations,—to explain to him the laws

of nature, and to develop new truths in philosophy. V.

SELECTIONS.

Thoughts on Physic and Physicians.

ANY young Physician who wishes to come into practice very speedily, should always set out with a new theory. If he should attempt to prove that the blood does not circulate, he would be most certainly a made man. He should make, too, some wonderful discovery in some little article of diet; for instance, he should attack the wholesomeness of salt, of bread, or of the inside of a sirloin of beef in preference to the outside. He should attempt something singular in his manner; he may be either very brutal or very polished, as he pleases. Ratcliffe told Mead one day, on the latter's starting for practice, "There are two ways, my boy, for a physician to treat his patients; either to bully or cajole them. I have taken the first, and done very well, as you see; you may take the latter, and perhaps do as well."

Skill in pursuits not very consonant to medical ones, now and then, has a great effect in procuring practice; it has been found to have been of great use to affect fox-hunting, boxing, &c. Singularity* is what affects the general run of mankind with wonder, and from wonder to admiration the transition is obvious. A Physician too should never affect ignorance of the cause of any complaint; he should place it in the pancreas or the pineal gland, if he has no other place ready for it. He must always be ready with an answer to every question that a lady puts to him; the odds are that she will be satisfied with it; he must not care whether there be or be not a possible solution of it. I remember hearing a lady ask her apothecary, from what substance castor oil (the oleum palmæ Christi) was made; he, unembarrassed, said, it was made from the beaver;—I did not expose his ignorance, but desired his partner to advise him to be more cautious another time. A lady was one day very anxious to know how long she should be ill.—"Madam," replied the Physician, "that depends on the duration of the disease."—"Much obliged to you, doctor, for your information," was the ladies wise answer.

A Physician should never neglect to take his fee; it is astonishing how the *aurum solidum* quickens his faculties, and sets them to work with double effect. A celebrated Physician at Bath, lately deceased, upon not finding himself better for his own prescriptions, said laughingly to a friend one day,

* Dr. Taylor being consulted on the complaint of an infant who had a schirous liver, forbade the use of potatoes, which he pronounced was a species of the deadly nightshade. The sickly infant is become a stout man, and, in spite of the Doctor, has been as great an eater of potatoes as any Irish Giant.

"Come, I think I will give myself a fee, I am sure I shall do better then." The Doctor put his hand with great solemnity into his pocket, and passed over a guinea to the other hand; this had the desired effect. The same Physician, on receiving the last fee he took in this world, a few days before he died, said, holding it up with streaming eyes to a friend that was near him, "*Ultimus Romanorum*, my good friend."—The late Dr. Ward used to call Physicians "the Scavengers of the Human Race," and so indeed they are, when they condescend to visit a dram-drinking woman, or a crapulous man, with the apparent attention with which they would visit a person in a pleurisy or a putrid fever. A late Physician of Bath (who was a fine gentleman as well as a good scholar and eminent Physician,) when sent for to a patient who indulged himself in strong drink, used to enquire of what particular liquor he was fond, and to make him drink it well diluted with water, after he had given him a pretty strong vomit; this, of course, rather indisposed the patient against his beloved potation for some time. Dr. Ratcliffe, who indulged himself not unfrequently with a bottle or two of claret, was once called in to a lady who had the same propensity, but who was drunk. The Doctor, who was in the same situation himself, but who little dreamt of the lady's condition, approached the bedside, and finding himself unable to feel her pulse, stammered out (speaking of himself) "Devilish drunk, indeed!" The lady's maid, who was present, thinking the Doctor had said this of her lady, whispered him, "Indeed, Sir, you have hit upon my mistress's disorder; she is apt now and then to take a little too much wine." The Doctor now had his cue, prescribed as well as he could to her particular complaint some emetic tartar and warm water, and bustled out of the room as well as he could.

A very singular story is told of this celebrated practitioner. He used to go to some coffee-house in the city, where he gave his advice gratis, or for half a fee. A celebrated miser who lived near London, to save his money, presented himself before him in a shabby coat, and with a very fine nosegay, which he gave to the Doctor, (who was very fond of flowers,) telling him that he was a poor man, and had nothing better to give him for his advice. The sagacious Physician, who knew him through all his disguise, asked him if he did not live near Chelsea, and if he had ever seen Mr. — (the disguised gentleman's real name.) On his telling him that he knew him very well, "Well then," added he, "when you see him, give my compliments to him, and tell him that Old Nick will have him ere three weeks are past."—The person went home, and, as the story goes, died within the time, to complete his friend's prediction.

To some court lady, who was much oppressed with a nervous complaint, then called vapours, who asked him what she was to do to get rid of them, he said, "Your Grace must either eat and drink less, take exercise, take physic, or be sick."

It has always been found of great use to a physician to be of some sect in religion; he is in general pretty sure of those that belong to it, and to some others out of curiosity. He should be a Catholic, a Presbyterian, a Quaker, a Sandemanian, a Swedenborgian, or a Jew (in this country, indeed, he may pick and choose.) The *thee* and *thou* of the late Dr. John Mather Gill, of London, was supposed to be worth two thousand pounds a year to him at least. A physician (if he happens to be sent for by a nobleman or a lady of quality) should never cease telling his poor plebeian patients of his being called in by a person of that rank. He should tell his wondering patients of the compliments paid him on his skill by this very discerning person, and should mix up some anecdotes of the great family for his patients, with as much nicety, as he would compose a box of pills. It has oftentimes been of use to a physician to give good dinners and suppers, and card-parties, and balls at his house; the allure of good cheer and amusement, is very often as good a bait for a patient as a may-fly is for a trout. If, however, he wants immediate practice, and does not very much care whether it is continued or not, a pamphlet attacking some ancient axiom in medicine or in diet, or the mere dressing up old doctrines in a new manner and in a new style, will do extremely well.

A celebrated brochure upon health written some years ago, brought into its author's pocket in three months only one thousand guineas—the Doctor, however, made a full stop there;—and an excellent physician at Bath (then the father of the waters) said, that in consequence of the excessive temperance into which many foolish persons had too suddenly thrown themselves, from the contrary extreme, the salutary springs (over which he presided) were, in the year in which this pamphlet came out, more frequented than he had ever known them.—So wonderfully sagacious is crude and inexperienced theory, and so fatal at last to the Doctor as well as to his patient.

With Eaton and Westminster, and classical persons, the idea of a physician's being a good scholar, has great weight; as if the putting together with difficulty in a particular language what is perhaps not worth telling in any, displayed much strength of thinking or acuteness of mind. This is, however, thought of so much consequence by some physicians in England, long after they have quitted their classical pursuits, that they pay some indigent scholar to put their thoughts into elegant Latin for them.

Mendicity.

Miss SPRIGGINS is universally allowed to be one of the very best creatures in the world, which is the reason, I suppose, why she never married, there being no instance of any wife of that description. Her unoccupied time and affections followed the usual routine in such cases made and provided, that is to say, she became successively a bird-breeding, dog-fancier, a blue stocking, and lastly the Lady Bountiful, not of our village only, (that I could tolerate) but of the whole district: in which capacity she constitutes a central depot for all the misfortunes that really happen, and a great many of those that do not. Scarcely a week elapses that she does not call on me with a heart-rending account of a poor old woman that has lost her cow, a small farmer whose premises have been robbed of his whole stock, a widow who has been left with seven small children, the eldest only six years old, that one a cripple, and the poor mother likely to add to the number in a few weeks; upon which occasions the subscription list is produced, beginning with the name of Sir David Dewlap, the great army contractor, and those of nabobs, bankers, merchants, and brokers, (for I live but a few miles westward of London) by whom a few pounds of money can be no more missed from their pockets, than the same quantity of fat from their sides. My visitant knowing the state of my purse, is kind enough to point out to my observation, that some have given so low as a half sovereign; but then she provokingly adds that even Mr. Tagg, a brother scribbler in the village, has put his name down for ten shillings, and surely a person of my superior talents——. Here she smirks and bows, and leaves off; and, partly in payment for her compliment, partly to prove that I can write twice as well as Mr. Tagg, I find it impossible to effect my ransom for less than a sovereign.

Thus does this good creature torment me in every possible way; first by bringing my feelings in contact with all the miseries that have occurred, or been trumped up in the whole county; and secondly, by compelling me to disbursements which I am conscious I cannot afford. Nor have I even the common consolations of charity, for feeling that I bestow my money with an ill will, from false pride or pique, I accuse myself at once of vanity and meanness of penury and extravagance.

THE CINCINNATI
LITERARY GAZETTE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1824.

THE sum remitted by the EUTERPEAN SOCIETY of this city, to the treasurer of the Greek fund in the city of New York, was \$339, being the nett amount of the receipts at the Concert, on the 23d inst.

A meeting of our citizens is to be held this afternoon at the Baptist Meeting-house for the purpose of raising further contributions, for the above named fund; and if personal services, or the produce, of our soil could be rendered effective in aiding the Greeks, there can be little doubt that from the generous feelings toward that people, which are so universal among us,—they would be greatly indebted to our assistance for the recovery of their freedom. But a great Commercial City, (as Cincinnati is described to be in some of the most authentic modern publications) having no banks, and but indifferent credit, cannot be expected to raise large sums of money, but we have little doubt that a larger proportion of the money actually in circulation, will be given in this place, than in any city in the United States.

In New York, the characteristic shrewdness of her citizens is exhibited in the various plans devised to raise funds—as well as their equally characteristic generosity in bestowing them. There, clergymen preachers declaim—barbers shave—and ladies dance—all for the benefit of the Greeks. The following account of the late military ball, from the Evening Post, will doubtless amuse many of our readers.

Military Ball.—This ball, which has caused so much excitement in our city for weeks past, took place last evening. Fame had, long since, described with the utmost minuteness, the dress of each lady who it was supposed would attend; and various sums, from five hundred to five thousand dollars, had been named as the expense that some certain individuals had laid out on this occasion. Curiosity was on tip toe, and such was the anxiety felt to witness the scene, that even thirty dollars had been offered for tickets; but the event did not justify these rumors. All were elegantly—few or none extravagantly dressed. The crowd assembled at the Park opposite to the Theatre was immense. The line of carriages extended from the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway to the entrance of the house, where the greatest regularity prevailed in setting down the company. The interior of the theatre presented a most brilliant appearance. The pit and stage were covered with a new flooring, and marked out for twenty cotillions. The stage represented a most magnificent grotto, inlaid with glittering isinglass and pearly shells, illuminated with a thousand lamps. A large globe or baloon, formed of a variety of flags, was suspended from the centre of the dome, from which pendants descended in festoons to the upper boxes, and under the globe was seen the large and beautiful glass chandelier.—The front of the upper boxes was ornamented with shields, bearing inscriptions relative to Greece, with support flags hung in festoons. A half length portrait of Gen.

Washington and a full length of Jackson were suspended in front of the second row of boxes, surrounded with laurel and roses, and decorated with the United States colors. In the middle of the room, and just over the stage, a triumphal arch was reared, entwined with evergreens and flowers, and supported by Minerva and the Goddess of Liberty. The walls from the arch to the rear of the building were highly ornamented; chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, and in the rear was erected a large Greek Cross, surrounded by a number of flags. It is believed that no less than two thousand persons were present. The whole scene; the showy appearance of the military gentlemen; the beautiful and tasteful dresses of the ladies; the splendor of the tout ensemble, produced an effect which several foreigners present declared they had never seen surpassed in their own country.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC
NOTICES.

T. T. SKILLMAN of Lexington Ky. has in press "Memoirs of the Rev. David Rice, including a History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky." It will contain about 420 pages 12mo.

Mr Skillman has recently published "Sermons by the Rev. James McChord in 2 vols. 8 vo.

An improved edition of Spafford's Gazetteer of N York is in press at Albany. It will contain 500 pages octavo.

A work has been published in Scotland under the title of "The Christian Philosopher or the Connection of Science with Religion" by Thomas Dick.

THE Spanish Gen. Mina intends to publish in England, a History of the Campaign in Catalonia from the entrance of the French, to the Capitulation of Barcelona, with some interesting pieces on the negotiation with Moncey.

Mr. H. S. Tanner of Philadelphia intends publishing by subscription a map of Modern Greece, which shall exhibit on an extensive scale, its Cities, Towns, Fortifications, Mountains, Rivers &c. The price is to be \$2 and the profits of the publication to be appropriated to the fund for the benefit of the Greeks.

OF 24 000 000 adults in France it is calculated that but 9 000 000 can read and write.

A new Vegetable alkali, has been discovered in Rhubarb by M. Nani of Milan.

THE annual report of the Asylum for the relief of persons deprived of their reason, situated near Philadelphia, has been recently published, from which it appears that during the last year, forty five patients have been under care at the Asylum, of whom

twenty eight were in the house in March 1822. Since that time 17 have been admitted, 11 have been discharged, 7 of whom were recovered, two much improved, and one without any apparent improvement.—One death had occurred from a decay soon after admission. There remained in the house on the 7th of March, 1823.—13 male and 20 female patients, 4 of whom are recovered, 3 much improved, and it is the opinion of the directors that the condition of every patient has been really ameliorated since admission.

Mr. Perkins' Steam Engine.—The English papers contain an account of an accident that recently occurred during the working of Mr. Perkins' new engine, which seems to prove, that notwithstanding the elevated temperature which he employs, no danger need be apprehended even from the bursting of the boiler, or generator. It appears, that while Mr. Perkins was trying an experiment on his engine, in the presence of several gentlemen, by urging the fire beyond its ordinary intensity, a mass of steam was observed issuing from the cylindrical fire-place which surrounds the generator, and the action of the engine suddenly stopped. On extinguishing the fire and examining the generator, it was found to be cracked across the bottom, and through this crevice the water had issued, and produced the steam before mentioned. It is singular that no report or explosion accompanied the bursting of the generator; but Mr. Perkins accounts for it in the following manner:

"The water of the generator," he says, "though perhaps at the time a little short of 500 deg. Fah. was still a *liquid*, or non-elastic fluid; and consequently would be governed by the same laws of expansion as other fluid bodies, which, when subjected to heat, will expand, and burst the vessel or metal which contains them, but will not disperse or explode."—*N. Y. Observer.*

SUMMARY.

The Spanish government continues its course of extreme severity towards the constitutionalists, vast numbers of whom are escaping from the country. As they are the most enlightened part of the community, their absence is necessary, before the people can be made to sink down to the dead calm of despotism.

Colombian Republic.—This Republic is adopting the most effectual method of preserving the blessings of the free government which it has been so long struggling to obtain. A law was passed in August 1821, enjoining the establishment of day schools in every parish in Colombia. This has been complied with as far as possible. A great want of teachers and books is experienced. This is a favourable omen. Whatever a free people want they will obtain.

And if their wants are found to be of the above description, there is no doubt of their rapid advance in the scale of nations.

The Greeks.—Accounts of further success on the part of the Greeks continue to be received. No doubt remains of their eventual success, unless the *Holy Alliance* should interfere in favour of the Turks.

DOMESTIC.

The new tariff bill will probably form one of the most interesting subjects before Congress during their present session. It is hoped that the wishes of the majority of the people of the U. S. on this subject may prevail, they are undoubtedly in favour of granting an adequate protection to our manufactures.

New York.—The public debt of this state is \$6,895,500 of which \$5,843,500 are for monies borrowed to complete the canals.

Massachusetts.—The Governor's message states that the balance of property in favour of this commonwealth is \$142,252,03 of which \$33,343,84 is in cash.

MATHEMATICKS.

THE Editor of the Literary Gazette, will oblige a subscriber, by inserting the following Problems for solution.—T. J. M.

1. How can four points be placed, so as to be equally distant from each other.

2. How thick must be the metal of a hollow sphere of copper, whose inside diameter is 400 feet, in order that it may just float in the atmosphere, when completely exhausted of air.

3. Determine without the aid of fluxions, the time of discharge of a reservoir of water, 100 feet square and 10 feet deep, by an orifice of one foot area, at the bottom of the reservoir.

4. Three persons appropriate each \$1000 for the joint purchase of 1000 acres of land, valued at \$3 per acre, and as the land was of different qualities, the first agrees with the other two, to allow for the advantage of the first choice, one dollar per acre for his land more than the second should pay; and the second for the privilege of the second choice, made a similar agreement with the third.—What does each man pay for his land, and how many acres does each receive.

5. If a wine glass of the shape of an inverted cone, 6 inches high, and 5 inches across the top, be 1-8 part filled with water, what must be the dimensions of a cylinder, which immersed in the water in the direction of its axis shall raise the water to the greatest possible height.

6. What is the side of the least square, that can be inscribed in a given square, that is, with its corners touching the sides of the given square.

ANECDOTE.

THE following is taken from Garden's Anecdotes of the American Revolution, a recent and highly interesting work. The incident is in relation to Maj. Zeigler of the Pennsylvania line, whose latter years were spent in this city, and whose memory is still warmly cherished by many of our citizens. Those old residents of Cincinnati, who had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Maj. Zeigler, and who may recollect his broken English and his many eccentricities, will at once recognize the old gentleman in the following anecdote.

"An excellent and intrepid soldier, he was particularly proud of the discipline and military appearance of the company he commanded. On one occasion while conducting a number of prisoners to a British out-post, addressing himself to his men whom he was ambitious to shew to the best advantage, he said, assuming an erect posture, and an air of great dignity,—*Gentlemen, you are now to meet with civility the enemy of your country, and you must make dem regard you with profound and respectful admiration. Be please, den to look great—to look graceful—to look like de Devil—to look like me.*"

PHILOMATHIC ATHENEUM, AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE Philomathic Society of Cincinnati College, have removed their Library to an apartment adjoining the lecture room of the Western Museum, and have made arrangements to furnish it with all the best literary journals, and most of the new works of interest. They have received the last numbers of the Quarterly, Edinburgh, and North American Reviews, Campbell's new Monthly Magazine, the Museum, the Port Folio, and Silliman's journal of Arts and Sciences.

They receive all the City papers, which will be regularly filed and bound.

They have procured the King of the Peak, and Hunter's Narrative, and will receive by mail during the ensuing week, The Pilot, by the author of the Spy, two copies of St Ronan's Well, will be received in like manner, when it shall be published. Also by the first arrivals, eight volumes of Las Cases' Journal.

The Library will be open on Mondays and Thursdays, between the hours of 2 and 5 P. M.

Five Shares remain to be sold. Annual Tickets \$3 00.

WESTERN MUSEUM.

ON Tuesday Evening next, Mr. Don-
FEUILLE will deliver an extra Lecture on the truth of the *Scriptura*: account of the Creation.—This Lecture being intended for the benefit of the Greeks, it is expected that such of the subscribers as may wish to attend will, not avail themselves of the usual privilege.

POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

NO. I.

I recollect when I was twenty-one,
Miss J——, of Bedford came to see my sister,
She was young, rich, and handsome and to sum
Up all together, every thing I wished her;
She staid with us some time, and I begun
To pay her my addresses, but I missed her,
I never yet could tell how it miscarried,
• (But this I know, she shortly after married.)

I sighed when she refused me—she was worth,
In cash and houses, sixty thousand dollars,
And my bright prospects of success gave birth
To some high notions, such as always follows,
Elated hopes, but when they fell to earth,
I was surprised, and thought I would call on her
And try if I could strike one spark of feeling,
From her hard heart, by dint of vows and
kneeling.

I called one morning after ten o'clock,
And ask'd if I could see Miss J——, a minute,
Ye Gods! can I describe how I was shocked
When the girl answered, "she is not within?" it
Was a lie, for just before I stopp'd
I saw her cross the window, so I "shin'd it,"
My feelings hurt, and all my hopes o'er cast,
It was the first time—it shall be the last.

So as my schemes were blasted in that quarter,
I thought I'd speculate in pork and flour,
I saw a boat for sale and so I bought her,
She was a flat-boat; and a kind of scow, or
Else an Olean boat, I also thought her
Apparently strong built about the bow, or
Prow, she look'd as if she'd stand some bump-
ing
Against the snags, before a plank they'd
thump in.

The next thing was to hire some hands for rowers,
Besides a man, who knew well how to steer:
I likewise laid in, sundry kind of stores,
Some bread and bacon, and a cask of beer
I bought of Davis Embree, at the lower
Brewery; I must confess I thought it dear
But high or low, I could not do without it
I paid the cash and said no more about it.

I sail'd or rather floated from this port,
About the twenty-fifth of last November,
And in a month, (to cut the matter short,)
Or else five weeks, (I do not now remember,)
I landed safe at New Orleans, and thought
I had done well, and so I made a tender
Of all my cargo to the ones who buy,
(For flour was in demand) and sold it high.

I thought that New Or——but sounds! 'tis
later
Than I expected——balance in next paper.

CHARLEY RAMBLE.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Mr. Editor:

*Being too poor to contribute to the Grecian
cause the other evening, and knowing that it was re-
quisite to aid it in some shape, I sat down, and in
a temporary fit of poetry and patriotism, wrote the
following song, which the Greeks are perfectly wel-
come to, if they will only give me credit for fifty
cents, the price of an Euterpeian ticket. I would
thank you to insert this, before the Greek fever sub-
sides, as a rapid depreciation of the merits of the
piece will then immediately take place.*

C. R.

TO GREECE.

Rise! rise! in your might ye descendants of
Greece,
And cast off the chains that entwine you,
Swear! swear! to your God, to obtain your re-
lease

From those Turkish oppressors who bind you.

Tell! tell! to the world, your oppressions and
wrongs,
And bid your base masters defiance,
Rear! rear! high your standard? and freemen in
throng,
Shall flock to your aid and alliance.

Unite! O unite! in the cause of the free,
Ye nations who are but spectators
Ye princes of Christendom! how can you see,
Ancient Greece thus beset by invaders?

Shame! shame! on the nations that calmly stand
by,
And see Christians and freemen contending
For their rights and religion and every dear tie
That makes country and home worth defend-
ing.

Success! then success to the cause of the Greek
'Tis the cause of religion and freedom,
Hark! hark! hear the Goddess of Liberty speak,
As she points the bright path that's decreed
them.

"Ye children of freemen! heroic and brave,
"March! march! on the infidels round you,
"Teach your tyrants, their only retreat is the
grave,
"And broke are the fetters that bound you."

"Rush! rush on ye heroes to victory, fame
"And success shall attend each endeavor,
"Till high in her primitive glory, the name,
"Of Greece shall shine brighter than ever."

CHARLEY RAMBLE.

SELECTED.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

*Written by an officer, long a resident of India, on his
return to England.*

I came but they had passed away,
The fair in form the pure in mind,—
And like a stricken deer I stray,
Where all are strange and none are kind:
Kind to the worn the wearied soul
That pants, that struggles for repose
O that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

Years have passed o'er me like a dream,
That leaves no trace on mem'ry's page;
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age.
Alone as in a stranger clime,
Where stranger-voices meet my ear:
I mark the lagging course of time
Without a wish, a hope or fear!

Yet I had hopes,—and they have fled,
And I had fears were all too true,
My wishes too!—but they are dead,
And what have I with life to do.
'Tis but to bear a weary load,
I may not—dare not cast away:
To sigh for one small, still, abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they.

As they the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep:
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,—
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep:
To weep beneath the silent moon
With none to chide—to hear—to see:
Life can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom death disdains to free.

I leave a world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead!
And fancy consecrates the spot
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.
I see each shade all silvery white
I hear each spirit melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light
And the pale morning chills my eye.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,
The lamp of life burns feebly now,—
When stranger hands shall close my eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
Unknown I lived,—so let me die:
Nor stone, nor monumental cross,
Tell where his nameless ashes lie
Who sighed for gold and found it dross.

SONNET,

On Sabbath Morn.

By DR. LEYDEN.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn
That scarcely wakes, while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm o'er every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer rings the linnets from the throne;
The sky lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail! light serene! hail sacred sabbath morn!
The rooks sail silent by in airy drove:
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws:
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose:
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
Soft as the day when the first morn arose!

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